

GERMANS CLAIM CAPTURE OF SIX VILLAGES AND 7,000 MEN

# The Daily Mirror

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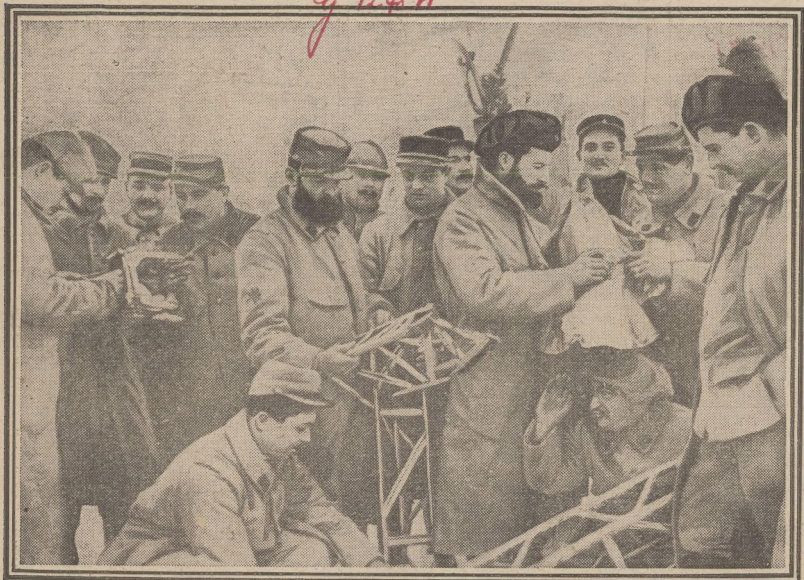
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE MAN WHO SHOT DOWN THE GASBAG: THE FRENCH SEARCHING  
THE WRECKAGE ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

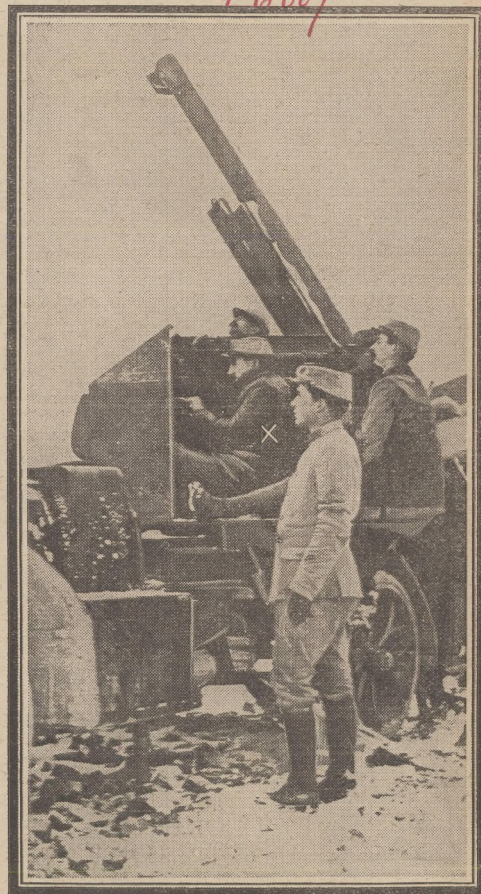


Amid the wreckage. The men, after finding the charred remains of the crew, buried them.



Men of the searchlight corps examining the wreckage. Everyone wanted a piece for a souvenir.

"When I saw that the Zeppelin had been hit I was overcome by my feelings. My joy overflowed and I felt like a child." Thus spoke Adjutant Gramling, who directed the fire which sealed the fate of the L277 in France. It was Private Pennetier who laid



Private Pennetier (marked with a cross) at his gun.



The mobile searchlights which found the Zeppelin.

and fired the shot that finished off the gasbag, and above he is seen sitting on the gun he used that night. All the pictures were taken on the morning following just after day had broken.—(French War Office photographs.)



## COMEDY AND PATHOS OF TRIBUNALS.

Political Objector Wants to Pick What Huns He Fights.

### "SING IN TRENCHES."

Comedy and pathos were again mingled at yesterday's hearings at the tribunals. Some of the cases were:—

**Can't Show His Teeth**—A dockyard labourer sent a letter to the Woolwich Tribunal containing reasons why he thought he should be exempt, one being that he had an upper set of false teeth which were not satisfactory. The application was adjourned for the man to attend.

**Son of Germans to Serve**—Another applying for exemption said he was a British-born son of German parents, who had lived in England for many years, but had not been naturalised. He had tried to join the Artists' Rifles, but was refused on the ground of his nationality. Application refused.

**He Was Exempted**—A man who was led into the Bristol Court bowed to the tribunal. It was found that he was deaf and dumb and he was exempted.

**Painful to Listen to Him**—"War is an invention of the devil," said Henry Bellmore, an insurance agent at Bath, who said he had such an objection to any form of work connected with that that if he was ordered to fight with crutches fall in the street he would not help him, and he would leave a man suffering from wounds to die because to help would be against his conscience.

**Do you call yourself an Englishman?** The indignantly asked Alderman Henshaw. The mayor said it was painful to listen to such statements which were the sign of a disordered mind and no indication of a conscience. No exemption was granted.

### A "POLITICAL OBJECTOR."

**Wants to Fight the Kaiser**—After being refused a hearing in private, H. A. Mortley, aged twenty-six, a tailor's porter and packer, said, at Westminster, that he had a conscientious objection "on political grounds" to serving.

**The Clerk:** You would rather the Germans came here?

**Applicant:** As I stand that would not matter to me in the least.

**Applicant:** said he made an allowance to his mother. He had a brother in the non-combatant service.

**The Chairman:** Would not you defend yourself or your family—I should regard that as a private quarrel between the men and myself.

**What would you do?**—I should rather go for the man who set the Germans on.

**The Chairman:** The tribunal cannot allow your application.

**Applicant:** Whatever your decision is my course will be the same.

**A Music-Hall Turn**—"You can go and sing in the trenches," the Westminster chairman told a music-hall artist, aged twenty-nine, who asked for temporary extension till October 2. An extension of one month was allowed.

**His Parting Shot**—"Very well, if anything happens to my father while I am away I shall consider you will be responsible, so I am going to attest straight away," was the parting shot of a stockkeeper at Westminster, who said he partly supported his father.

### CITY FIRM'S APPEAL FOR CLERKS.

Strong allegations were made at the City Tribunal when Messrs. C. and E. Morton, Ltd., provision merchants and canteen managers, appealed for fifteen men under the Compulsion Act.

**Mr. G. C. James,** rating surveyor to the City Corporation, said that the statistics of the firm showed that of the 142 men of military age ninety had enlisted. Exemption was asked for fifteen out of 142.

**Major Lionel de Rothschild** said this firm, although a large proportion of their staff had enlisted, had not encouraged attestation.

In fact, Major Rothschild, they had discouraged it, and had prevented these fifteen men from attesting, because the firm felt they had a better chance of getting them exempted if they kept them out of the service altogether, and they said they must have them for carrying on the business.

It was certainly one of the worst showings that had come before him, and it was a case which the advisory committee could not allow to pass without challenge.

### PAYING MEN HALF WAGES.

**Mr. Morton** said that they had encouraged every single man to enlist, and every single man was told that he could go and the firm would pay half salaries.

These men had been paying ever since. Every encouragement had been given, but so far as the present fifteen men were concerned the firm felt that they were indispensable to them for carrying on their business. The firm could get no definite answer from the military authorities.

The chairman said that with regard to five men to whom special importance was attached they would have a postponement of one month. With regard to the other ten the appeals would be refused.

**Read "Sensations of the Order by Tribunal,"** by A. W. Campbell, on page 5.

## HOW TO GET GREECE IN

Proposals by Man Who Interviewed King Constantine.

### WOMEN SPIES AT WORK.

"You have not taken the Balkans seriously." This was the remark made recently by King Constantine of Greece to Mr. W. H. Crawford Price, the famous Balkan expert. It shows, in a nutshell, why Greece has hitherto refused to "come in."

Is it possible to get Greece in? Mr. Crawford Price thinks it is. He has some very practical ideas on the subject, and in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* he sets forth these ideas.

His long experience of Balkan affairs and his intimate friendship with King Constantine enable him to speak with authority. "How to Get Greece In" is one of the articles that count. To the same number Mr. James Douglas contributes a finely-written article called "Set a Time-Limit."

Set a time-limit for the war! Set a time-limit for our generals! Set a time-limit for our Ministers!—this is Mr. Douglas's demand, and it is backed up by some powerful reasoning.

Owing to the serious news from the Verdun district Mr. Bottomley has decided to change the subject of his article. He will deal with the German offensive and explain why there is no reason to feel alarmed concerning the progress of events on the Western front.

Another excellent article comes from Mr. Frank Dilnot, who explains the perilous work of the woman spy in war-time.

### TUMULT IN DIET.

German Socialists' Peace Talk Leads to Up-roar—Pigs and Men.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 24 (delayed).—At yesterday's sitting of the Prussian Diet Herr von Osten (Conservative) made a sharp attack on the Socialist party, which he charged with want of patriotism. The charge immediately provoked stormy scenes.

He then read extracts from a Socialist pamphlet which had been distributed in Essen. This said:—

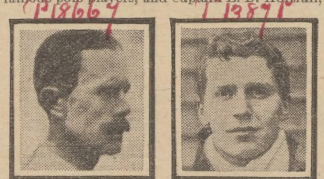
Fathers of families are being sent to the slaughter of men while farmers stand in front of their stables and prevent the cattle coming on the market. Meanwhile the German people is to suffer further from hunger. Men and pigs are regarded on a different basis in this great time."

Enormous tumult broke out, and above the din Socialists were heard to shout "Quite right!"

Herr Stroebel, a Socialist, insisted that efforts should be made to secure peace on the basis of a common understanding, declaring himself convinced that no country would gain a complete victory. The war, he said, would end in the destruction of all the countries concerned, perhaps with a revolution.—Central News.

### SPORTSMEN HEROES.

Two well-known sportsmen have been decorated by President Poincaré. They are Captain J. H. Lloyd, one of the world's most famous polo players, and Captain E. D. Horsfall.



Captain J. H. Lloyd. Captain E. D. Horsfall.

now an airman, who rowed for Oxford in 1912-13, and stroked the Leander eight that won at Stockholm in 1912.

### MR. BONAR LAW AND FARMING.

Mr. Bonar Law, presiding last night at the London School of Economics, at an address by Professor G. W. S. Adams on the Development of Agriculture, said that in dealing with the problem of the large number of soldiers who would not be willing, when they came back, to return to the lives to which they were accustomed, we should have divergent interests.

On the one hand, we knew how much the strength of the Dominions added to the strength of the Empire, and we would like to see them peopled with men like ourselves.

On the other hand, we did not want to see—at least he did not—the best and most vigorous of our own people leave our shores even to go to our Dominions.

And for that reason, if for no other, it was essential that some really earnest effort should be made to make it possible to connect agriculture here in a way which would make it a valuable profession for the men to be engaged in.

## CUT OFF BY SNOW.

Derbyshire Peak Villages and Hampshire Hamlets Isolated by Great Storm.

### LONDON'S WINTER SPORT.

Winter still holds the country in its grip. Although at an early hour of this morning a thaw had set in in London, snow was still falling in other parts of the country. Snow, too, was falling on the Continent.

In the Derbyshire Peak district what was described as an unparalleled snowstorm raged early yesterday. Hill villages were cut off by the drifts and the High Peak goods line of the London and North-Western Railway was snowed up, no traffic being possible.

In Hampshire, too, villages are isolated, country roads being buried in a foot of snow. Sheep farmers here and in Devon are anxious about their lambs.

After a dry morning yesterday the snow started in London soon after two o'clock.

Except in the City the snow of Thursday's fall lay several inches thick all round London yesterday morning, much to the joy of small boys and girls.

In the parks and on the many commons and open spaces surrounding London snowball fighting was well sustained. Snow bombing parties made vigorous attacks upon nursesmaids and mothers who had them in charge, and the nursesmaids and mothers in many cases were not above retaliating in the usual way. In fact, in snow-covered sectors of the London area a certain liveliness was observed everywhere.

In the parks the gardeners welcomed the snow for the warmth and protection it provided for delicate plants during these days of cutting winds. A heavy blanket of snow saves many a plant's life.

In Wolverhampton the Women's Volunteer Reserve with scrapers and shovels yesterday assisted to extricate tramway-cars from snow drifts. The tramway-cars had been snowed up during the previous day and night.

### FETCH YOUR BREAD.

Customers Asked to Bring Wrappers or Baskets with Them.

Housewives to-day are being called upon to make another war sacrifice.

They are soon to be requested to fetch their own bread, where practicable, because the prompt delivery by the bakers is becoming more acute every day owing to the shortage of labour. They are being asked already to bring their own paper or baskets in which to carry away the bread.

The South London master bakers, *The Daily Mirror* is informed, have decided to have notices printed for exhibition in shops drawing the attention of customers to the shortage of paper and urging them to bring their own wrappers when purchasing bread.

The bakers emphasise the point that the supply of paper represents an expensive annual item to the baker, and that, in view of the increased cost of paper, it will be impracticable to supply wrappers.

### 184 VICTIMS OF LAST ZEPP RAID.

The Secretary of the War Office announced last night the following are the final figures of casualties from the air raid of January 31:—

	Killed.	Injured.
Men	27	53
Women	25	53
Children	15	19
Total	67	117

Grand total 184

These figures are greater than those previously given—59 killed, 101 injured—because several persons reported as injured have died of their wounds.

The number of bombs now known to have been dropped is 383.

### MUST PROVE MEDICAL REJECTION.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

It has been brought to the notice of the military authorities that a statement has been made on the authority of Sir John Simon that a man who says he has been rejected since August 14, 1915, is outside the scope of the Military Service Act, "whether he holds a certificate of rejection or not."

It has been stated in the House of Lords by Lord Newton and several times in the House of Commons by the Under-Secretary of State that proper evidence of rejection must be produced.

In the event of dispute the question would have to be settled in the civil courts.

### "SALOME" DANCE AT THE FRONT.

According to a letter from a soldier serving at the front in the Royal Engineers, a feature of a recent entertainment behind the lines was a "Salome" dance, in which the writer of the letter played the title rôle.

The dancer's costume was largely improvised and identity discs served as earrings. A gas helmet on the head of a biscuit tin represented the Prophet's head on a charger.

## WARSHIP'S DASH TO BEAT OFF MOORS.

H.M.S. Caesar Saves Steamer Attacked by Armed Natives.

### £4,000 SALVAGE AWARD.

A vivid story of the seizure of a British steamer by Moors and her rescue by H.M.S. Caesar was told yesterday to Mr. Justice Baggallay in the course of an action for salvage services by Captain E. G. L. Crofton, D.S.O., of the Caesar, who with his crew were plaintiffs in the action.

The ss. Eburna, a London ship of 2,857 tons (net), said counsel, was on a voyage in ballast from Cetes to New Orleans, manned by a mixed crew of Europeans and Chinese. On May 13, 1915, at about 9 p.m., she stranded in a fog in Almazra Bay.

The Eburna sent one of her boats to lay a steam anchor, and while it was returning it was attacked by armed Moors, who took the boat and its occupants. The second boat and its officers and six Chinese and two European sailors—as prisoners.

### BEATEN OFF BY HOSES.

Later other natives in two boats came off and attempted to board the Eburna, some of those in the boats firing at those on the Eburna. They were beaten off by steam hoses.

The ss. Richard Wellesley came up, but failed to render any assistance through her boats and crew being captured by the natives. The two European sailors were released in exchange for some provisions and tobacco, and rejoined the ship during the day.

A torpedo-boat arrived, and her commander ordered the master of the Eburna to abandon ship as soon as possible. All the hands on the Eburna left and proceeded on board the warship.

The Caesar was at Gibraltar at the time, and her captain received orders to proceed with his ship with a strong body of armed marines to the Eburna, as she was in danger, and the lives of the crew in peril from the Moors.

Captain Crofton, on arriving, put a number of marines on board the Eburna to protect the crew and the master and remainder of the crew returned to their ship. An armed cutter with an interpreter was sent to negotiate with the Moors from the beach. Preparations were made for towing.

### INTERPRETER CAPTURED.

Meanwhile some of the crew of the Caesar, who had been working under the bows of the Eburna covered by the rifles of the marines on board, were captured by the Moors, with the interpreter, who had been sent to negotiate.

The Caesar opened fire on natives, afterwards dispatching armed boats demanding the immediate release of the prisoners; but a large number of natives concealed behind rocks and bushes on the seashore and hillside opened fire on the boats.

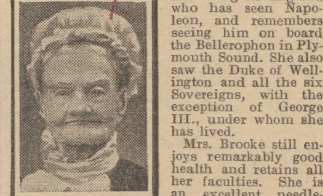
The Moors made several attempts to move off with their prisoners, but were brought up on each occasion by shell fire from the Caesar.

Captain Crofton, giving evidence, said that as a result of the efforts of the Caesar's crew a fine steamer was saved which would otherwise have been destroyed.

The Court awarded £4,000, equivalent to 4 per cent. of the value.

### SAW NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

Mrs. Sarah Brooke, of Downham, Essex, will complete her 104th year on March 2. She is probably the only person living in England who has seen Napoleon.



Mrs. Brooke.

and remembers seeing him on board the Bellefleur in Plymouth Sound. She also saw the Duke of Wellington and all the six Sovereigns, with the exception of George III., under whom she has lived.

Mrs. Brooke still enjoys remarkably good health and retains all her faculties. She is an excellent needlewoman and is now voting her talent in this direction to making shirts for the men in the trenches. She can walk without assistance, can write a letter in a clear hand, and takes a keen interest in all current topics.

### NINE FOE FIRMS WOUND UP.

The Board of Trade has made orders under the Trading with the Enemy Amendment Act, 1916, stating that the following nine persons living in the following businesses to be wound up: Eckhardt, Bendorf and Peine, Spencer-street, Birmingham; Schaffer, Hahn and Behrens, Lodge-hill, Birmingham; Hermann Spitz, Alexander Street, Parsons-road, Bradford; A. Schullen and Co., Crossland-street, Bradford; Mr. J. Oppenheimer, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; C. S. Toms and Weisters, Lilyport-lane, E.C.; Lochner and Hopknecht, Gunpowder-square, E.C.; Johann Faber, Ltd., Lovell's-courty, E.C.; W. Faber, Queen Victoria-street, and Upper Thames-street, E.C.



# GERMANS CLAIM CAPTURE OF SIX VILLAGES AND 7,000 PRISONERS

## French Hold Great Ridge from Meuse to Beaumont. IF ASSAULT FAILS?

Germans Bring Up Biggest Guns and Finest Troops for Attack.

## BERLIN ON 'LOSS NORMAL.'

### BATTLE FOR THE RIDGE.

The great fight for Verdun is now approaching its most interesting phase. The French, after fiercely disputing a number of villages in the wooded district north-east of the fortress, are now firmly established on the vast ridge which extends from the Meuse to Beaumont. It is here that Paris hopes that the flower of the German Army will be broken.

### WHAT BERLIN CLAIMS.

The enemy is now drawing breath after the first rush. Yesterday Berlin claimed the capture of the villages and farms of Champneville, Cotellette, Marmont, Beaumont, Chambrettes and Ormes. In addition, says the German communiqué, all the French positions as far as the ridge of Louvemont were taken by storm and 7,000 prisoners captured.

Paris reports that the bombardment has been continued with rather less violence north of Verdun. The Germans did not launch any attack during the night.

### AMERICA'S GREAT DECISION.

President Wilson has taken a firm stand with regard to Germany's new submarine warfare. In unmistakable terms he has declared that the honour of America and the very essence of things that make her a sovereign nation are involved. There is, therefore, to be no "warning off" of Americans from armed merchant ships.

Such a course, he says, would be a deep humiliation, for it would be inspired by the fear of being called upon to vindicate the rights of Americans. "We covet peace, and shall preserve it at any cost but loss of honour," is his final word.

## FRENCH ESTABLISHED ON LINE ON HEIGHTS.

Germans Make No Further Attack During the Night.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 25.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In the Argonne, east of Vauquois, we carried out fresh bombardments on the enemy's works in the Bois de Cheppy district.

There was intermittent artillery activity between Malancourt and the left bank of the Meuse.

In the region of the North of Verdun the cannonade continued with less violence. The enemy made no attack on our positions in the course of the night. We are established on an organised line of resistance behind Beaumont, on the heights stretching to the east of Champneville to the south of Ormes.

On the rest of the front the night passed quietly.—Reuter.

## 7,000 PRISONERS CLAIM.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

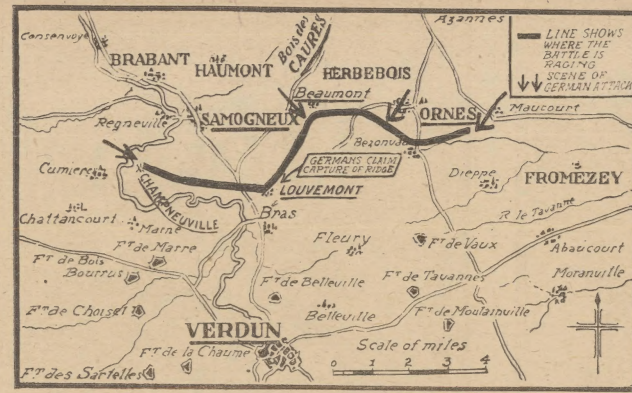
BRUSSELS, Feb. 25.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

On the right bank of the River Meuse the successes reported previously were exploited in different directions. Yesterday the fortified villages and farms of Champneville, Cotellette, Marmont, Beaumont, Chambrettes and Ormes were captured.

In addition to this all the enemy's positions as far as the ridge of Louvemont were captured by storm.

The sanguinary losses of the enemy were again extraordinarily heavy, while our losses were normal.

The number of prisoners has been increased by over 7,000 to more than 10,000. No information can yet be given with regard to the booty in materials we have captured.—Wireless Press.



## GERMANY PLAYING HER ANOTHER RUSSIAN BLOW TRUMP CARD. AT THE TURKS.

Paris Says Flower of Army Will Be Broken on Meuse Ridge.

PARIS, Feb. 25.—The French review of events to-day summarises the newspapers on the offensive against Verdun, which, it is declared, has the look more and more not only of a vast military enterprise, but also of a great dynamic movement.

Martin.—In the two months and a half that the Germans have been setting about it they have brought against Verdun all the 42-centimetre howitzers and all the available 30-centimetre guns of the Austrians and the heavy artillery which took part in the invasion of Serbia.

"The best troops of the Kaiser, the Third Brandenburg Corps, which is second only to the Guard in reputation; the Fifteenth, which is of General von Deimling, are assembled there.

### WHERE GERMAN FLOOD WILL BREAK.

Journal.—"It is her decisive trump card that Germany has resolved to play."

Republique Française.—"If the German Army has benefited by favourable means of communication in a broken and wooded country for the beginning of its attack, it now finds itself faced by a vast, high and naked ridge which extends in one solid block from the Meuse to Beaumont."

"We have the firm confidence that the German flood will spend itself, broken and drying, upon its slopes."—Reuter.

## LONDON'S FATE IN SCALES

Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, speaking at Wimbledon yesterday, said the Verdun battle was a struggle for a passage to Paris, and he thought there was little doubt that the Teuton would be driven back.

Though seven army corps were being thrown against one position, which had been prepared by our gallant Allies for a long time, they stood there with the greatest confidence, and he firmly believed their line would not be broken.

If once our Allies' line was really pierced the way would be open to the capital, and if that capital was seized an absolutely new complexion would be put on the face of the war. Not only would Paris be taken, but London would be in danger, and that was what was hanging in the balance.

## BRUSH WITH BRITISH.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 24 (delayed).—The following communiqué was issued from the Turkish Headquarters in Constantinople to-day:—

Trak (Mesopotamia) Front.—An enemy detachment, about a battalion in strength, tried to approach our positions near Felahie, but was compelled to retreat by our fire, leaving many dead.

Among those who fell in the last battle at Felahie were seven British officers. We recently took prisoners seventeen of the enemy's soldiers, who, in the course of this battle, had fled into the surrounding country.

Between February 18 and 22 some enemy cruisers and torpedo-boats from time to time bombarded the beach near Sedd-ul-Bahr and Tekke Burnu, without result. Our batteries near Kunkale and Sedd-ul-Bahr forced them to retreat before they had continued their fire for any considerable time.

On February 20 an enemy cruiser, which was under the protection of mine-sweepers, penetrated the Gulf of Saros, supported by three enemy observation air machines, and unsuccessfully bombarded the coast near Galata and Gallipoli.

One of our battle aeroplanes attacked the enemy aeroplanes and drove them off, whereupon the cruiser ceased fire and departed with the mine-sweepers.—Reuter.

Splendid Success for Our Gallant Allies in Persia.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 25.—The following official dispatch has been received from Teheran:—

After a series of battles in Persia, the remains of the troops organised by our enemies had concentrated in the region of Kermanshah, having occupied and fortified two mountain passes with the help of German and Turkish sappers—namely, the Bidesurkh Pass and the almost impregnable natural position of the Sukhne Pass.

The news has arrived to-day that our troops have dislodged the enemy from the Bidesurkh Pass and occupied the Sukhne Pass, and that



they are pursuing the Turks, who are in full retreat towards Kermanshah.

Our troops have captured three field guns, one mountain gun, a number of shells, eight ammunition wagons and a number of field machine guns.—Reuter.

It is reported, says a Central News Petrograd message, that in their operations at Ezerum the Russians captured more than 200 field guns in excellent condition, many of them being nearly new.

The Russians have also captured eighty new Krupp guns, which were being transported by the Turks from Trebizond to Ezerum.—Central News.

## AIR RAID NEAR LILLE.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 25.—Yesterday our aeroplanes carried out a successful bombing raid against an enemy aerodrome near Lille. All our machines returned safely.

To-day the enemy exploded a mine near Fricourt. The explosion caused no casualties.

Our artillery has been active against enemy trenches along the Ypres-Comines Canal and east of Boesinghe.

## THE ADVANCE ON DURAZZO

### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

The communiqué issued in Vienna says:—South-Eastern theatre of war.—Our troops in Albania yesterday defeated the Italians and their ally, Essad Pasha, near Durazzo.

In the afternoon the Italian brigade was driven from its strongly fortified main position east of Bazar Syk.

At the same time another column stormed the entrenchments at Sassobianco, lying six miles south-east of Durazzo. The enemy left his trenches, partly fleeing, and retreated to the inner line of defences. He is being pursued.—Wireless Press.

## "WAR BEFORE LOSS OF HONOUR."

President Wilson's Firm Warning to Sea Pirates.

## RIGHTS OF MANKIND.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—President Wilson, after two days' agitation in Congress, in which some members favoured legislation in the sense of warning Americans off armed merchantmen, to which he is absolutely opposed, has written to Mr. Stone, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the following letter:—

You are right in assuming that I shall do everything in my power to keep the United States of America out of the war.

The course which the Central Powers have announced their intention of following in future with regard to undersea warfare seems at the moment to threaten insuperable obstacles, but its apparent unreasonableness is so manifestly inconsistent with the explicit assurances recently given us by those Powers that I must believe that explanations will presently ensue which will put a different aspect upon it.

### "OUR DUTY IS CLEAR."

We have no reason to question their good faith and fidelity to their promises in the past, and I, for one, feel confident that we shall have none in the future.

If the clear rights of American citizens should, unhappily, ever be abridged or denied, we should, it seems to me, have in honour no choice as to what our own course should be.

For my own part, I cannot consent to any abridgment of the rights of American citizens in any respect. The honour and self-respect of the nation are involved.

We covet peace, and shall preserve it at any cost but loss of honour.

To forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to indicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed.

### AMERICA'S SOVEREIGN RIGHTS.

What we are contending for in this matter is of the very essence of things that made America a sovereign nation.

"She cannot yield them," concludes the President, "without conceding her own impotency as a nation and making a virtual surrender of her independent position among the nations of the world."—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—A fresh revolt against the President's foreign policy broke out in unexpected quarters in the Senate.

Mr. Wesley Jones (Republican, Washington) introduced a resolution against "one-man Government," forbidding the President, in face of a threatened war, to issue any ultimatum or belligerent Power or sever diplomatic relations with any Power until after receiving the advice and consent of the Senate.

### MR. BRYAN'S "CRIME" IDEA.

Mr. W. W. Bailey to-day gave out a telegram received from Mr. Bryan, the ex-Secretary of State, which said:—

"I hope that Congress will speedily announce legislation to prohibit Americans on belligerent ships, or, still better, to refuse clearance to belligerent ships carrying Americans."

"It would be a crime against civilisation to become involved in such a virtual surrender of our right to a European monarch to use in settling his quarrels."—Central News.

### TENSE SITUATION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—Mr. Gore, Oklahoma's blind senator, again introduced in the Senate to-day the resolution which he sought preventing United States citizens travelling on armed merchant vessels.

The resolution, together with that moved by Mr. Wesley Jones limiting the powers of the President, was ordered to lie on the table.

In view of the tense nature of the situation, Senator Stone brought about an executive session of the Senate.—Central News.

## ATLANTIC RAIDER'S GUNS AND CREW OF 250.

SANTA CRUZ (Teneriffe), Feb. 23 (delayed).—The captain of one of the ships sunk by the German raider, interviewed by Reuter's representative, declared:—

"The raider is a vessel of between 2,000 and 2,500 net tonnage. She carries at least six 7in. guns, two torpedo tubes, as well as a number of mines. The Germans say she can steam seven knots."

She carries a crew of from 200 to 250 Germans under the command of a Count von zu Donath."

The crew of the Luxembourg state that their vessel was caught at seventy miles south of the island of Fernando Noronha (125 miles east of Brazil). They say they were well treated on board the raider. They were kept under control on board the Westburn by seven Germans of the raider's crew armed with hand grenades. The Westburn had about 5,000 tons of coal on board.—Reuter.



## HE HAD TO USE HIS FEET.



The severe snowstorms of the past few days have increased the difficulties of the dispatch bearers. This man is having a hard job to get along.

## CARPET BOWLS REVIVED.



Carpet bowls has been revived in the City, and was played for the first time yesterday by a party of Scotsmen at a saloon in Moorfields.



### "Please send cake

in a tin; otherwise it gets broken in transit. We have very limited space to carry stuff about, but of course that doesn't apply to CAKE, biscuits, etc., we can always carry these inside us."

*Extract from a Soldier's letter.*

### SEND HIM A REAL HOME-MADE CAKE.

One of those delicious light ones raised with 'Paisley Flour.' He'll like to think you had a hand in making it, and how he will enjoy it!

## Paisley Flour

The SURE raising powder

Made by Brown & Polson, of Corn Flour fame.

Mix one part of "Paisley Flour" with eight parts of ordinary flour, dry, before adding the other ingredients.

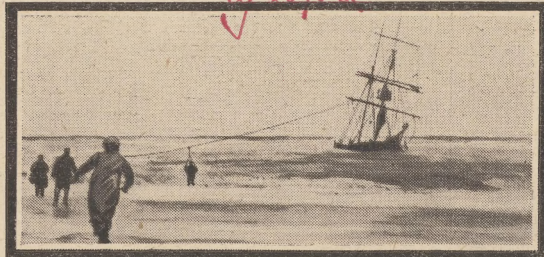
Recipes for delicious and economical cakes in every 7d., 4d. and 1d. packet; more, specially suitable for sending abroad, from Brown & Polson, Paisley.

## H.A.C. HERO.



Lieutenant R. W. Coyer, who, while a lance-corporal in the H.A.C., won the D.C.M. and the Croix de Guerre. He will receive a sword of honour at Hendon today.

## THE LAST MAN TO BE RESCUED.



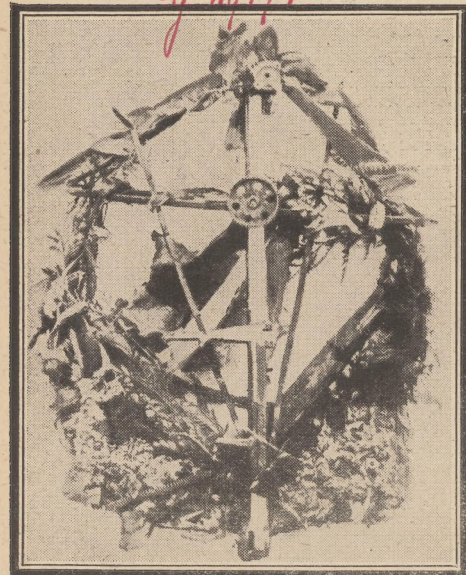
When the barquentine Carmenta, of Whitstable, ran aground near Thorpe-ness, the crew were brought ashore by the lifeline.

## KILLED.



Lieutenant R. E. Atkinson, one of the best Cambridge University runners of recent years, who has been killed. He was an old Sedbergh boy.

## A RUSSIAN AIRMAN'S WREATH.



Wreath which was placed on the grave of a Russian airman by his comrades. It is made from the broken parts of his aeroplane, in which he met his death.

## "TERRIERS" WIN THE CROIX DE GUERRE.



Sergeant A. J. Taylor (7th London Regiment).



Sergeant R. H. Oxman (23rd London Regiment).



Lance-Corporal F. Hill (26th London Regiment).

## SNOW FIGHT BETWEEN THE ACTS.



Lady Constance Malleon, who is appearing in "L'Enfant Prodigue," and Mlle. Andre Mielly, the Pierrot, had a snow battle outside the theatre between the acts.

## Can't beat "TIZ" when Feet Hurt

Ah! Nothing like TIZ for sore, tired, puffed-up, perspiring feet, corns or chilblains."



"Sure! I use TIZ every time for any foot trouble."

You can be happy-footed just like me. Use TIZ, and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired feet. TIZ and only TIZ takes the pain and soreness out of corns, hard skin, chilblains, bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a TIZ bath you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. TIZ is grand. TIZ instantly draws out all your poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, perspiring feet.

Get a 1/4 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

### DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing or shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are "not getting on" with your natural talents deserve? I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental handicaps, you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 476, Imperial buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C. (Adv.)



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1916.

## THE LAST TRUMP?

A FULL year or more after our alleged experts of the sedative and soothing-syrup school had assured us that the German offensive was broken for good, and that our own was about to begin, the German offensive, desperate and wasteful indeed, but vigorous and persistent also, rages along a twenty-five-mile line of the Western front.

It would be beating dead dogs, indeed, to point out, once again, the fatuity of last year's prophets. To those who understood them they were useful in one way—you had a chance of getting near the truth if you believed exactly the reverse of all they said.

Those were the soothing-syrup days whose motto was: "Cheer 'em up by telling 'em the war's over, even if they're disappointed later on!" Quite unlike the old school of the Hebrews, by the way, whose cry was, "Woe unto ye!" all round.

But there were other prophets.

Particularly at the beginning of this year, there was a Frenchman, M. Henri Bidou, hitherto better known as dramatic critic than as military expert. He published two or three remarkable studies in the *Journal des Debats* of the German military situation, and the German numbers, as they existed at the end of 1915.

We need not weary readers by reciting his summary. It is enough to say that, allowing for the German lines along all fronts and the absolutely necessary reserves, he calculated that the enemy possessed what he called a last "trump card" in the persons of about 700,000 young and first-class fighting men, as a mobile mass, ready to be hurled at any quarter where the German General Staff calculated that a decision might be obtained.

The war is costing both sides in "attrition" thousands of men a week. Probably the attrition on *their* side has been grotesquely exaggerated. But it remains true that they cannot afford to "wait and see" much longer, without the fear of grave sufferings at home. Here, then, was their mobile mass, their trump card. Other such trumps had been flung down—and wasted—for Paris, for Calais, for Russia, for the East. Is the last on the table for Verdun, for Paris again?

Anyhow it looks as though M. Bidou's figures were exactly right—the Crown Prince's armies seem to consist of about 700,000 first-class men. He is prepared to sacrifice them for an issue.

We must remember, however, that what may be intended for a decisive blow by them will not be decisive, *whatever may happen for the moment*.

A fault in the Prussian view of the Allied composite psychology always has been that they count upon a repetition of the 1870 triumphs—namely, a hard, stunning blow delivered by them at a great cost, which, however, they count to be worth while if it results in "hands up" all round and a cry of "You've won!" to Prussia.

They expected that attitude and that cry after the Russian dash, the Eastern dash, and the second winter's deadlock. They got deadlock instead of our defeat. More than anything, our own compulsory measure convinced them we mean to go on. Official utterances from Russia and France and Italy confirmed that conviction. They immediately apply the old plan—another dash, in hopes of another decision.

French constancy will provide that there shall be no decision. Then we shall know whether M. Bidou's phrase was accurate—whether the last trump has been played.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do not act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Be good for something while you live and it is in your power.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## SENSATIONS OF THE ORDEAL BY TRIBUNAL.

### THAT GUILTY FEELING AS THE TIME DRAWS NEAR.

By A. W. CAMPBELL.

WHEN the call to the married to attest was sounded from the House of Commons and in the Press Belinda and I agreed that the "path of duty" led to the recruiting office. And afterwards to the tribunal, where one's financial embarrassments could be explained to sympathetic gentlemen over military age with children, mortgages, and houses on three-year leases.

And so I followed the path of duty. And Belinda and I were happy.

But during the past fortnight a cloud has fallen upon both of us. We had decided, of course, that the ordeal by battle should be faced in certain eventualities. But we never dreamed of the terrors of the ordeal by tribunal. Indeed, since I began to read the reports of the

wonder if we are regarded as potential convicts instead of patriotic soldiers. The estimable gentlemen who are to investigate my case have, I feel sure, unanimously decided that I am a reprobate and contagious subject. My tongue begins to dry. My heart beats rebelliously within its prison. A coldness overtakes my feet.

### "AM I A FELON?"

A moist perspiration mingles my brow. I imagine myself a felon, a desperado. What crime has brought me to this pass? My mind becomes bewildered; memory is unresponsive. I wonder vaguely and incoherently what my father (who gave me a Bible and a firm handshake when I left his roof) will think of me. And my mother's tears . . . What first false step brought me into the company of such malefactors as Crispin, Charles Peace? . . . I anxiously debate whether I should ask the vicar of the village wherein I used to dwell if he will certify to my moral uprightness for many years.

As the list of miserable appellants is reduced, and most are sent empty away, a great wrath rises within me. I think of parliamentary pledges and put no trust in them. I bo-

## AWKWARD MOMENTS FOR SUPERIOR GROWN-UPS.



Some of us will scold children for doing things we do the next moment ourselves. And poor Bob doesn't see the difference.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

cases before the tribunals my mind has become filled with awful imaginings. No longer do I greet Belinda with the warm salutation that springs from an unclouded conscience. Since the tribunals got to work I am afraid of becoming a derisive headline or a revue joke.

The ordeal by tribunal is terrifying. And when in the train, unsupplied with a newspaper or a book, I begin to visualise the scene. I picture myself entering the court in the blithe spirit of one who has paid his rates, his income-tax and invested his spare cash in war loans. I meditate upon my excellences as a husband, a citizen and a ratepayer. The cases open. I hear one or two, and begin to fear that my mental portrait is flattering to the original. Indeed, I begin to suspect that I am neither a good nor a profitable citizen. Rather am I the vehicle of many of the original sins. I repeat to myself that it must only be by special interposition that I have not hitherto reached the dock. Armistees seem a very bad lot.

In a dull and unresponsive way the questions addressed to the appellants fall on my ear. I

come a conscientious objector. My conscience inflames. It becomes a boiling sea. Who are these Inquisitors? By what right do they sit there ready to consign me to the torture chamber with its impediments of thumb-screws and racks? Are these men "doing their bit"? Has every gun got a superfluity of shells that they should be complacently disposing of their well-fed bodies upon the bench? To the workshop with them! Aye, and the guillotine also if they become too curious.

And so one's mind works. I begin to wonder if I shall become a "test case," if lawyers will wrangle over my unworthy appeal. There is no longer light in the sky. It may be a fine day and assuredly Mirabeau is dead. My thoughts are sepulchral. Was it to become a suspect that I enlisted? Are there any letters do catch bearing my name? What sin to me unknown, to paraphrase Pope, drew me into an armlet?

The ordeal by tribunal is nigh, and that is why the gaiety of the hedgerow no longer interests me. No more the song of birds enrithals.

## MODERN CHILDREN.

### HOW EARLY SPOILING UNFITS THEM FOR LATER LIFE.

#### "RUDE, WILFUL, DISOBEDIENT."

THAT the modern child is not what it ought to be is entirely the fault of the modern parent. The child itself is all right in the main, but if it is not advised from earliest babyhood to think of others before itself, to exercise self-control and be obedient, it will naturally grow up callous, selfish and utterly without reverence and self-control.

Most parents seem to wish their children to look upon them as "good pals" and in every respect with themselves—a perfectly fatal attitude of mind; the child must recognise authority; and if parents are dignified and just in their dealings with their offspring the children will have a chance of growing into good citizens instead of "neurotic slackers."

A child who is never naughty is a horrid little prig; the modern child is scarcely ever mischievous and what my nurse used to call "daring" as its parents used to be, it is merely rude, wilful and disobedient, and its fond parents calmly allow it to be so on the plea, "Poor little darling, it will only be a child once; do let it be happy." Unfortunately life does not see the force of the argument, and as the child grows up is apt to use the red unsparingly—not heeding the plea, "Please let me be happy; I've only one life to live."

A GRANDMOTHER.

#### RULED BY LOVE.

I HAVE been very much interested in the correspondence about modern children. I think one of the most pitious sights in my experience is to see the frightened look in the eyes of a little child, covered by harshness, and it is no uncommon sight.

Children can always be ruled by love.

A HOSPITAL NURSE.

#### "A PRIEST'S EXPERIENCE."

MAX I be allowed to thank a "Priest" for his reassuring letter on experiences of childhood?

Parents who thoroughly digested it would, I am sure, begin to wonder whether they, after all, had not taken more interest in their pet dogs, the masterpieces hanging on their dining-room walls and the smooth running of their latest motor-car than they had in the heart of their little child.

PARENT.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 25.—Violets that were planted in frames last September are now blooming freely, and, although the ground is covered with snow, lovely bunches can be gathered. Runners and fading leaves should be removed every week or two and the soil must be gently stirred. Water should be given during mild weather.

To grow violets for winter flowering a start should be made in April. Set out small plants in some shady corner; then, if carefully looked after, good roots will be available early in the autumn.

R. F. T.

Those pools of water mirroring sweeps of cloud—well, they are merely pools.

For am I not an armistee, to be questioned and cross-examined, to become the exhibit of the family secrets and the domestic skeletons?

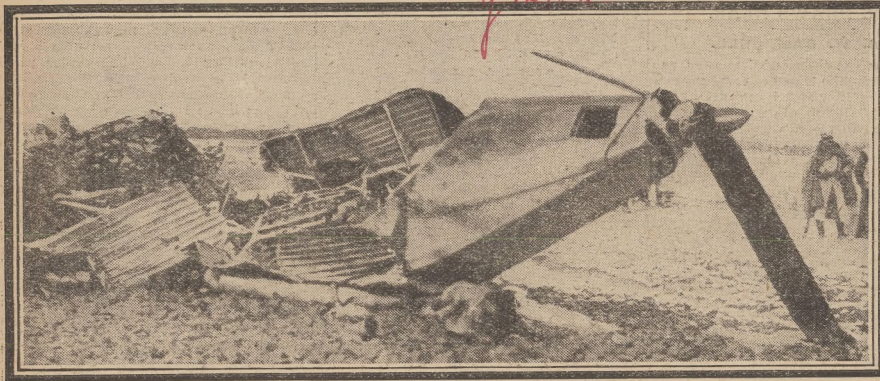
Who can be happy who has to pass the Grand Inquisition?

#### KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS.

Keen, fitful gusts are whistling here and there Among the bushes half leafless, and dry; The stars look very cold about the sky, And I have many miles on foot to go. Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air, Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily, Or of those silver lumps that burn on high. Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair: For I am brimful of the friend's love and care. That in a little cottage I have found; Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress, And all his love for gentle Lord Byron; Of lovely Laura in her light green dress, And faithful Petrarch gloriously grown! —JOHN KEATS.



# THE END OF THE "BABY KILLER": AN ARTIST IS SET THE CO



The wrecked car and the broken propeller. The Zeppelin was attached to the Crown Prince's army.

## ALLIES HONOUR BRITISH OFFICERS.



General Sir Henry Seymour Rawlinson, Bart., Grand Officer, Legion d'Honneur.



General Sir Douglas Haig, who receives the Grand Croix, Legion d'Honneur and the Grand Cordon Order of Leopold (Belgium).



Colonel Sir W. B. Leishman, Croix de Commandeur, Legion d'Honneur.

## LOOKING AFTER THE AUSTRALIANS.



Making artificial dentures for Australians at the intermediate depot at Abbey Wood. These overseas forces are well looked after before being sent out to do their second "bit."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## WILL MADE BY NODS.



Mrs. Wilson, one of the plaintiffs in the will case. She is widow of the testator, who, it was said, expressed his wishes by headshakes and nods. The evidence was amusing.

## DRIVES AN AMBULANCE.



A New Zealand girl who drives a motor-ambulance which conveys her wounded countrymen from the station to the hospital in London. She wears a serviceable dress.



A French soldier examining one of the wrecked cars.



It is now so much "scrap-iron."



An artist sketching the wreckage on behalf of the Crown Prince's army. Private Pennetier, who brought down the Zeppelin with the fire, are two of the most famous.



# AL TASK OF SKETCHING THE MANGLED REMAINS OF THE LZ 77.



Same day our Ally brought down seven aeroplanes.



A heap of debris. The gasbag broke in two and collapsed at a height of about 2,400ft.

## V.C. FEEDS MASCOTS.



Private John Caffrey, Nottingham's V.C., pays a visit to the London Zoo and feeds the mascots of the Canadian regiments which are being kept there until their owners' return.

## PRETTY REVUE DRESS.



Miss Marjorie Dunbar, who is appearing in "Follow the Crowd," the new Empire revue. She wears a very pretty dress in the old crinoline style.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.



Miss Miriam Lewes, who will appear to-day in the Canadian drama, "The Love-Thief."



Miss Evelyn Florence, who will play the lead for the 201st time in "Honi Soit" on Monday. It will be a souvenir night.



Audrey Hughes, aged ten, who will play principal boy in a pantomime to tour in the west.

## MULE PERFORMS ACROBATIC FEAT.



Training a mule in Egypt. When the war is over and it has done its bit, it might go on the music-hall stage and give an acrobatic performance. It would certainly prove a novel "turn."



Private Penetier (on left) and Adjutant Gramling.



The peasants are much interested in his work.

one of the famous "75's," and Adjutant Gramling, who directed day. And they are two of the happiest.



# PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(Medium Strength)

## Pure Virginia Tobacco.



Players  
at the  
Front.

For wounded British Soldiers and  
Sailors in Military Hospitals at  
home and for the Front at Duty  
Free Prices.

TERMS ON APPLICATION TO

**JOHN PLAYER AND SONS,  
NOTTINGHAM.**

**10 for 3  $\frac{1}{2}$**   
**50 for 1/5**

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.566

## A MESSAGE TO PATRIOTS

THE CALL has gone out to the nation  
to practise economy—to use British  
goods and to help British capital. You do  
all these when you

# BUY "BRITO" MARGARINE

THE BEST THAT CAN BE MADE  
and always fresh.  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Insist on  
"BRITO"

PER **1  $\frac{1}{2}$**  LB.

at Harrods Stores,  
Army & Navy Auxiliary,  
Junior Army & Navy,  
and High-class Grocers  
Everywhere.

## Camp the never-waste-a-drop Coffee

"Camp" goes further and lasts longer  
than any other coffee you can buy.  
"Camp" is delicious and usable to  
the last drop. It never goes stale.

You make each cup just as you want it—  
simply adding boiling water, with sugar  
and milk to taste. No dregs or grounds.

**Pure—and so economical**

Get "Camp" from your Grocer, and try it to-day.

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD., COFFEE SPECIALISTS,  
GLASGOW.



## In the Trenches

Symington's Soup gets a tremendous  
welcome!—and rightly so. It is so  
warming, so delicious, so easy to "fix up,"  
and above all so nourishing, satisfying and  
sustaining that it is indeed a gift of gifts to  
send to the brave fellows. And you'll find  
your own "housekeeping expenses" less of  
a worry, too, when you have Symington's  
Soups on your table now and then!



# SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

A 4d. packet  
makes a quart.

11 varieties—4d. per packet. Sold everywhere.  
W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD., MARKET HARBOUR.



# LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META  
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

**OLIVE CHAYNE** is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, this man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spins out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart.

This man who had only been philandering. And then he had walked away and left her.

Then she remembers how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid; and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed by Heathcote. In a plain, frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all. Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always love after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. He decides to go to Africa.

Olive Chayne arrives in West Africa, and Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. One evening there is an angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth and shows Richard Olive's letter.

Dick is dumbstruck, but controls himself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold to a new owner. Dick wanders into the forest to think, and finds a woman traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be the new owner, though her name is Anis Beresford.

Olive, through ill-health, returns to England alone, and in Africa Mrs. Beresford tells Dick that she is really the wife of his old owner.

Named Duprez whom Dick strikes for insulting Mrs. Beresford, swears to have revenge.

Maddened with drink which Rupert has dishonourably obtained for them, the natives rise and storm the bungalow. To wipe out the stain, Rupert dashes away for help. He is reported to be killed.

Dick, after being wounded, returns to England, and he and Olive find that they love each other. Duprez intervenes with blackmail, and to keep him from Dick Olive makes an appointment with him to know his price. He demands £300 to begin with.

Olive thinks of her mother's jewels, which are in her stepmother's possession.

### OLIVE'S RESOLVE.

**OLIVE** looked up from the letter she was pretending to write, out over the white fairy world of the garden. Snow had fallen heavily in the night, was falling still, burying the aspiring buds and the vigorous, thrusting spikes of bulbs under a soft white mantle.

The scene was beautiful. There were delicate tints in the sky, palest lemon and a soft, clear blue. It reminded her of some exquisite Japanese print that she had once seen. She felt like a woman in a prison. She spoke her thoughts aloud despatchedly to her husband, who was reading near the fire.

Dick—don't think me terribly capricious—but I have grown so tired of Richmond. I want you to be very, very kind to me. I want you to take me up to town for a week."

(Trans.) dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"My word!" Dick looked at her smiling. "And why and when?"

"I have told you why, and I want to go to town. We can telephone for rooms and luncheon in town."

There was a decision in her tone that amused and surprised her husband. Evidently she had thought this plan out. It could not have sprung into being in the hours that had elapsed since breakfast. There was a good deal in the attitude of his wife that had surprised Richard Heathcote in the past few days.

"Well, you have it all very cut and dry, my dear," he said, "and I suppose if you must, you must. But I do not miss my pine for London and the inevitable 'how'."

"At least it cannot be worse than this," Olive said with a passionate vehemence in her tone, of which he was wholly unconscious. Her nerves were strained almost to breaking point. Whatever happened, she felt she must get away from this house and its memories—from the inevitable tête-à-tête.

Besides, it was essential that she should be in town to-night—essential for the desperate plan that she was resolved to carry through.

She had made up her mind last night in the train going home after that encounter with Duprez at the corner of Victoria-street. There was only one thing that she could do—since she could not raise the money she needed by fair and honest means, she must get it by mean and underhand—dishonest—means.

It all promised to be so easy—so fatally easy. The fact that her stepmother should keep her jewels in that cabinet in the drawing-room, of all unlikely places... the cabinet of which she possessed the duplicate key.

As she sat there Olive raised her hand nervously to her breast, where already the little key, companion to that worn by Mrs. Chayne, lay in a warm arm.

Then, "I had better 'phone for rooms at once," she said rising. "The Westminster, I had thought of—it would be near Fifth-square, wouldn't it, and they appear to want to see a lot of us."

"Do they, indeed?" Dick responded in that dry tone she had imitated so successfully over the 'phone to Duprez; then, as he saw the change that overspread her face, he added quickly—

"Darling—ring up for rooms wherever you wish to get 'em—it is all one and the same to me—provided only you allow me to be with you!"

He came up to her where she stood and put his arm about her. She did not move or make any effort to withdraw from his caress, but he felt his body stiffen when the circle of his arm, and he did not bend to kiss her as he had intended to do.

What was this little cloud that had appeared so suddenly on the horizon of their happiness that he seemed so clear and joyous?

He thought of the song he had heard her sing that afternoon when they had returned from choosing their new car. He had never heard her sing since.

"You'll let me know your plans, whatever they are?" he said; and sauntered out of the room.

Olive stood looking after him with an expression of horror in her eyes. She felt like a woman on the verge of madness. She had an actual physical sensation of being in a net. With a desperate little movement she thrust out her hands before her as though fighting herself free.

Even if it is all true," she whispered to herself, "he is Dick... and I love him, I cannot deny that. And—if it is true, perhaps it is I who caused it to become true... I owe him all the help I can give—whatever it may be..."

She went across the hall to the library and rang up the Westminster Hotel.

To-night her father and his wife were going to a big reception at the American Ambassadors. Olive had ascertained that. The house in Fifth-street would be empty. To-night, if ever, she must put her plan into action.

To-morrow it would be too late. Duprez had succeeded in making that very plain to her.

### THE WATCHER.

IT had been very hard to make an excuse for getting rid of Dick. She could not tell him that she was going to Fifth-street. If she had done so he would, in all probability, have suggested accompanying her. She could not tell him that she wanted to be rid of him. She could only use all those artifices which a woman uses to show a man that she would prefer to be alone.

At last Dick had risen to the situation and gone out.

"I'm rather fond of strolling round London at night," he told her. "I have a fancy for visiting the deserted city by moonlight. Lombard-street at night is an amazingly attractive place."

"You may find me in bed when you come back, or perhaps I, too, shall be seized with a desire for moonlight prowling. Don't be surprised if I am out when you return," Olive laughed.

She looked up from the board where her patience cards were spread, and he saw her very beautiful and bright, like stars in a wind-swept sky. The old simile always pleased him in connection with Olive. She was very white, and her lips, that were like a delicately tinted rose against the pallor of her face, trembled.

"Darling, you are a perpetual and amazing surprise to me—by being simply you. Nothing you could do could increase the surprise of yourself."

She tried to laugh, but as the door of the hotel sitting-room closed behind him she drew a deep, sobbing breath of relief and covered her face with her hands.

What had possessed him to-night? She had thought he would never leave her alone.

It was not ten minutes' slow walking from the Westminster to Fifth-square; Olive's rapid feet carried her there all too soon. As she had left the hotel for one moment of indecision her heart had failed her. She paused and looked back up the steps into the gay, warmly-lighted hall, then the bleak wind that swept round the corner of the hotel tugged at her cloak, touched her bare breast soberly.

There was no going back now... whatever failure might lie ahead for her... there was no going back.

The strangely-deserted look that was characteristic of the old-world square at night hung broodingly over it still. It was hard to believe that behind those blank, staring horse-fronts men and women of to-day lived out the drama of their lives. Surely they should have screened only stately ghosts in hoops and powder.

With a quick indrawing of the breath Olive pushed open the high iron gates outside her old home and went up the steps.

Qui ter, the butler, who opened the door for her, told her that there was no one at home. His aged eyes could not see the swift, uprearing relief that had come into the bright eyes of the young mistress he loved.

"No one at home, Quilter?" she exclaimed in a small, dismayed voice. "Oh, how tiresome. I think I'd better come in and wait. I am sure my father told me he would be in to-night." Then, remembering that she had better prepare the way for her retreat: "At least, I shall wait for a little while, and if no one comes, why, then—I shall have to go home again!"

She laughed as she went past the old man, leaving him disappointed of the talk he had desired to have with her free from the presence of the new mistress, whom he feared and hated. She was halfway up the staircase before he could think of any pretext on which to detain her.

At the top of the stairs Olive paused. The air seemed full of whisperings, the strange creaks and noises of an old house. It had always been a house of shadows, and tonight the pink-shaded candles in the gilt candelabras on the walls did little more than diffuse them into a golden twilight.

Across the landing the door of the room she sought stood open. She saw the flicker of firelight on its red walls, and the sight comforted her vaguely. She crossed the polished spaces of the floor like a cat, and went in.

There, against the wall, the stately Venetian cabinet faced her. The frelight picked out the

faded gilding on its front with delicately tender precision.

She remembered the first time her mother had showed her the wonders of the cabinet, all its secret compartments; and as she stood there in the whispering silence of the old house the recollection went far to unnerve her.

The fire on the hearth collapsed with the disconcerting suddenness of a wood fire, leaving the room in partial darkness. From the staircase the sound of a ticking clock came to her with an ever-growing insistence.

"What thou doest do quickly," she said to herself under her breath, and felt herself a Judas, too. Her beautiful lips trembled no longer; they were set in a thin, hard line, and her face, always colourless, was whiter now than the ivory beads round her neck.

With the movement of a sleepwalker she crossed the room and took up a reading lamp with a long, flexible wire from the writing-table, and carried it in her hand to the cabinet. Setting it on the floor she thrust her hand into her breast for the key.

The light wavering a little in some mysterious way cast strange shadows on her face as she stood there. She felt mad still, but without fear. Having risked so much she could dare all things now—to save Dick.

"Dick..." She repeated the name under her breath, as she had repeated it once before in another crisis in her life. "Dick..."

Behind the heavy dividing curtains of pomegranate-hued silk, drawn to-night, as she had not noticed in her absorption when she entered the room, there was a faint, stirring sound. It did not reach the ears of the absorbed woman who was thrusting the key into the cabinet with trembling fingers.

The doors flew open at her touch. In the soft light the brass of arabesque and knob and hanging handle seemed to wink and glitter back at her maliciously.

In a desperate haste Olive opened compartment after compartment in search of the jewels she knew to be her own. In her haste it seemed to her that she opened every drawer but the right one, and her movements became more hurried—movements that grew more puzzling every moment to the eyes that were following them, the eyes of a man leaning back, the front of his dress shirt gleaming dimly in the shadow of the dividing curtains.

"Ah..." A little cry of relief broke from Olive. Here at last was the drawer she sought. Eagerly, with swift businesslike movements she caught up case after case, emptying them into the big gold chain bag she carried on her wrist. Then, with a hurried desperation in her action, Olive closed the cabinet and looked it securely. She turned to leave the room.

As she reached the door the watching man, still unsuspected, undreamed of by her, came out leisurely from the shadow of the curtains.

It was Dick.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

## Indian Tea for Delicacy of Flavour

Teas are grown in India of a range of flavours suited to every palate—from the light dainty growths of the hills to the more full-flavoured varieties cultivated in the plains. All are delicious, economical in use and absolutely healthful, owing to the absence of impurities.

Ask your grocer to  
tell you all about

## Indian Tea

T.2





Miss Mary Troubridge.

mentioned in dispatches and awarded the Military Cross. He will be attended by Sub-Lieutenant Anthony Otter, R.N.V.R., his brother, and Miss Andrea Troubridge will be the only bridesmaid.

#### En Famille.

Mrs. Adrian Hope, the bride's aunt, is lending More House, her aristocratic residence in Tite-street, for the family gathering after the wedding, for the bride has been staying with her aunt since her engagement.

#### M.P.'s' Salaries.

I hear that a movement is on foot to get members of Parliament to follow the example of Ministers by taking a quarter of their official salaries in 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds.

#### Lost Thousands of Pounds.

Whether the movement will be a success remains to be seen. One member I met yesterday—how I should love to give his name!—is dead against the proposal. He had, he told me, lost thousands through the war. "Only a few months before it began I took a 'bigger house,'" he said. "Had I foreseen this appalling conflict I should have renewed the lease of the very modest suburban villa in which I had lived for some years."

#### Captain Bennett Goldney.

I hear that Captain Bennett Goldney, M.P. for Canterbury, who has been criticising our air defences—or lack of them—is remarkably fluent in French. Well, he should be remarkable for something, for he had a remarkable father.

#### Captain Goldney's Father.

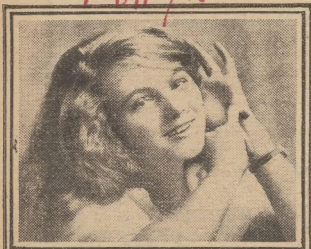
Captain Goldney (who goes by his mother's name) is the son of Mr. Sebastian Evans, and Mr. Evans at Cambridge was a poet; then, at twenty-seven, manager of a glassworks; ten years later editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*; at forty a busy barrister, besides showing in the Royal Academy and achieving distinction in wood-carving, engraving, book-binding and translating from mediæval French, Latin, Greek and Italian.

#### A Pretty British Movie Star.

Below you will see a photograph of Miss Chrissie White, one of the most popular film stars. When I met her yesterday she told me how she first started in the movie world. One day when she was nine years old she wrote a note to the chief producer of a picture play company to say her sister couldn't work in a film that week as requested, and would she do.

#### Fond of Work.

It was the same eagerness to work that gave her the first Tillie-the-Tomboy part when Miss Unity More left. And on through all the years in which she has been one of the best-loved of all Hepworth players this same en-



Miss Chrissie White.

thusiasm has remained. It was the first Tillie picture, which she did, together with Alma Taylor—who also started with Hepworth at the age of twelve—that first made her famous.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

#### Admiral's Daughter.

Miss Mary Laura Troubridge, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Troubridge, C.M.G., will have a quiet but picturesque wedding to-day at Christ Church, Chelsea. Major Robin Otter, the bridegroom, has lately returned wounded from France, and has been

#### Mystery Omnibus.

During the snowstorm I observed that all the omnibuses in London are mystery omnibuses—inasmuch as the snow completely obliterates the legend in front that tells you what the destination is. Perfectly maddening!

#### Chefs for "Tommy."

Lady Ponsonby, who runs the Victoria Hut for soldiers, tells me that she absolutely insists on two trained cooks being installed. She says some of her friends are quite good cooks, but some aren't, and she isn't going to have the soldiers' digestions ruined on their first day of leave. I'm all with her there; think of facing the horrors of the trenches only to be confronted with a pudding like a bomb!

#### A London Lover.

And so Sir Laurence Gomme is dead. With his death there is removed one of the most devoted and passionate lovers of London. He was born in London, lived in it, and was the greatest authority on its lore and history. It was he who suggested the names Kingsway and Aldwych for the new thoroughfares.

#### Fairies in London.

I knew Sir Laurence Gomme quite well, and liked him all the more for his belief in fairies; and that London was a beautiful place. He knew more fairy tales than any man or woman in England, and was naturally immensely popular with children of all ages.

#### Hia Hour Off.

Dear little Eric had a small girl cousin staying with him. "Why aren't you playing with your Cousin Mary?" asked mother, coming on him alone one afternoon. "Goodness, mother," replied the little man, "this is my hour off."

#### Fewer Smashes.

I was chatting with a woman who keeps a china shop a few days back. She said the scarcity of domestic servants had injured her business a great deal. "How's that?" I asked. "Why, can't you guess?" she replied. "Their breakages were a godsend to me. Now the mistress does the housework, and scarcely breaks an eggcup a month!"

#### Juvenile Wonders.

"Some entertainment" was the *Evening News's* Two Arts Concert given at Queen's Hall on Thursday afternoon for the relief of the British prisoners of war. It began at 2.30 and finished at a quarter to six, so you will understand that it will be impossible for me to tell you all about it. There were three child wonders—Solomon, the boy pianist; Miss Connie Bee, the child violinist, who played a composition by Basil Watt, who lost his life at Loos; and Miss Cora Coffin, whose recitations were excellent.

#### Those Names.

In Russia, as in this country, many good citizens with German-sounding names are changing them into nice easy patriotic names. Thus the well-known Russian General Ellers has received the Tsar's permission to call himself in future General Vichesslitzew. So much easier to say!

#### Napoleons in the New Army.

The New Army is, I find, determined to be Napoleonic. All the booksellers I visited within the space of one mile were out of all books upon Napoleon and his strategy. And usually there is an abundant supply.

#### The "Heath" and the Stage.

Hampstead Heath is evidently appreciated by the stage. Mr. Gerald du Maurier is there at Cannon Hall, Mr. Hall Caine is there and so is Miss Olga Nethersole, who lives at Heathlands—a house formerly occupied by Mr. Lawrence Grossmith. And not far away is Miss Marie Lloyd.

#### No Business Instinct.

A well-known Canadian artist who has made London his home for some years—Mr. R. G. Mathews—was waiting for his commission in the Canadian R.A.M.C. to arrive from Toronto. Meanwhile he was engaged by the authorities to photograph the Canadian camps and hospitals for official records. While doing this in multi—he was accosted by a sergeant. "Say, young man," he said, "why do you waste your time like this? If you'd got any business in you you'd see there's heaps of the boys ready to pay good money to have their photos took." He didn't bite.

#### Anti-German.

I ran across Sir George Makgill as he was leaving town recently. What an immensely strong face he has! An exciting open-air life crammed with adventure has been led by the still youthful organiser of the Anti-German Union—not the discredited league of that name. Sir George has worked at stock farming and gold prospecting, and has written many a story breathing the spirit of the wilds. A Scottish baronet, he spent fifteen busy years in the Antipodes. We shall hear of him in politics before long.

#### Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

I saw a letter written from America by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry the other day. It is odd to think that Miss Terry has been away since November, 1914! She said she was playing to crowded houses over there.

#### Books v. Sermons.

The Rev. Ralph Connor, the well-known Canadian novelist, is now a chaplain with the Second Canadian Expeditionary Force. He is very popular with the men, but one of them confessed to me that he liked "the Captain's"—all chaplains are honorary captains—books better than his sermons, which is human nature, isn't it?

#### Suffering.

Some women who have gone into offices say they suffer much because they find themselves deprived of their cigarette which they always enjoyed after meals at home. The Red Cross women admit the same. No doubt this will be rectified in time. The great bulk of women engaged in Red Cross work have renounced smoking entirely.

#### A Popular Lady.

One of the American ladies of whom all Britons are proud is the Hon. Lady Johnstone, wife of the British Minister at The Hague, who is Lord Derwent's son. Lady Johnstone came to London recently to see her son, who was home from the front on a week's leave. She is a beautiful and brilliant woman, and the hospital which she has founded at Ris-Orangis, in France, together with Mrs. Congreve, the general's wife, and Mr. Reckitt, is noted for its splendid equipment and organisation.

#### Actors as Officers.

At one of the Service clubs the other day the veterans were discussing the qualities of the various types of new officers. "My experience is that actors make the best officers," said a colonel who has been training men of the new Army since the outbreak of war. "For one thing, they are not afraid to hear their own voices; and drill—well, what's drill to a man who's danced the tango at the Gaiety?"

#### Postponed Till Wednesday.

Miss Marga la Rubia, whose portrait you see here, is a clever actress who will take the part of Aida Downs in "The Love Thief," the new drama which is to be produced at the Queen's Theatre. The first night was to have been to-night, but has been deferred until Wednesday. The domestic drama includes Mr. Edward Saxe as the "strong man" of the



Miss Marga la Rubia.

piece, and Miss Miriam Lewes as the heroine, and the production is in the hands of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who so successfully handled "Tiger's Cub."

THE RAMBLER.

## DOUBLE SECURITY FOR THE SOLDIER



Every reader of this paper who has a soldier relative or friend should send him the new Reg. Design ENGRAVED IDENTIFICATION BRACELET, DISC.

### THE BEST GIFT FOR A SOLDIER THOUSANDS SOLD

PRICE 1/6 POST FREE.

Send Name, No., and Regiment.

Can also be supplied in Solid Silver 5/-  
Observed ... 7/6  
Solid Silver engraved with letters  
enamelled in Blue ... 21/-  
Or with a permanent reproduction of  
any Photo burnt in the enamel at back  
IDENTIFICATION DISC CO.  
7, Northampton Street, Birmingham.  
Agents wanted in every Comm. Writes.

## Foster Clark's

A 24 packet makes 144 plates of Rich Nourishing Soup. Oxtail, Mince, Turtle, Green Pea, Mulligatawny, Pea, Lentil (Tomato 2d.)  
Easy to make—only water to add.  
Send some to every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

## 2<sup>nd</sup> SOUPS

### MATERNITY SKIRT



Ordinary Waist 25in.

Same Waist Extended to 37in.

Lengths—35, 40, 42in.

BLACK CLOTH 7/9 Post Free. Black & Navy Coating Serge 13/6

THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS SKIRT are in the BOX PLEAT, and the waist can be extended from 25in. to 37in. without altering the shape or style. Hips extend automatically with the waist.

Manageress, FREDK. MONGER,  
59, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.

## LAST 3 DAYS (Ends February 29th)

**BURBERRYS**  
HALF-PRICE SALE  
1915 Topcoats, Suits and Gowns.  
REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS  
BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON



## 66 WEDDED TO 27.

Son's Evidence in Dispute About Will  
Disposing of £10,000.

## "PROMISED NOT TO RE-MARRY."

The dispute regarding the will of a widower who married again at sixty-six again came before Mr. Justice Horridge yesterday.

The will disposed of the estate, valued at £10,000, of the late Mr. E. K. Wilson, a builder, of Sepd (Surrey), who died at the age of eighty-two.

The plaintiffs were the widow, Mrs. Edith Wilson, and her sister, Blanche Rogers, who propounded a will dated 1912 and a codicil made in 1914. The sons opposed the codicil on the ground of the alleged incapacity of their father.

Mr. Wilson, when sixty-six, married on May 1, 1899, his first wife's companion, who was twenty-seven. They had a daughter, who was delicate, and by the will Mr. Wilson, after providing for his sons, left his wife and child £65 a year each.

By the codicil the annuities were increased to £150 a year each. In October, 1912, Mr. Wilson had a paralytic stroke, which the defendants contended affected his mental capacity.

The solicitor who prepared the will said that Mr. Wilson only spoke four words and the rest of his wishes he communicated by head-shakes and nods. His mind, however, was quite alert.

Miss Blanche Rogers admitted that the testator was at times childish and that she had spoken to him several times as to the inadequate provision he had made for his wife and child in an earlier will.

For the defence, Mr. Hume Williams submitted it was not until testator became ill and bedridden that he made the will and codicil in question, at the suggestion, counsel urged, of Mrs. Wilson's sister.

Mr. R. E. Wilson, a son, said he knew nothing of his father's second marriage until the "old gentlemen" wrote informing him of the fact. After testator had a paralytic stroke he could not speak coherently, and witness was asked not to trouble him with business affairs.

Cross-examined, witness said his father had promised not to marry again, and witness regretted the second marriage.

The hearing was again adjourned.

## £1 FOR A KISS.

As damages for assault—a kiss—Ellen Millard, of Holloway, whose husband is in France, was awarded £1 yesterday at Clerkenwell County Court against Thomas Ayres, timekeeper, of Finsbury Park.

Plaintiff stated that she was in bed with her three children when Ayres came to her room and put his arms around her neck and kissed her against my will. He was her mother's old landlord.

Defendant said that he had eight young children, and his Honour ordered payment by four instalments.

## WEATHER STOPS INSPECTION.

Owing to the inclement weather the King has had to postpone the inspection of troops which his Majesty intended to make this week.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.—Reduce Your Meat Bill and Puddings made with AYRES'S Shredded Beef Suit are unsurpassable—1 lb. cartons 10d. and 2 lb. cartons 5d. with recipes—goes much further than raw meat. Ask your grocer for it.—(Advt.)

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADOLPHI.** A New Musical Play. **TINA.** To-day, 2 and 5. **Mata, Weds. and Sat., at 2.** **GODFREY'S TRAMBOLES.** **LILLIAN DARE.** **W. H. BERRY** box office, 10 to 10. **Tell.** 2645, 8886 **GEORGE.** **THE BASKER.** **A New Comedy.** **SAVOY.** **THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER.** **H. A. VACHELL.** **THE BASKER.** **A New Comedy.** **SAVOY.** **THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER.** **H. A. VACHELL.** **THE BASKER.** **A New Comedy.** **SAVOY.** **THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER.** **H. A. VACHELL.**

**DUKE OF YORKS.** **TO-DAY, 2.45 TO-NIGHT, 8.40.** **THE JOAN DANCERS.** **LAST WEEK.** **2.15 and 8.** **"As Others See us,"** by R. Higginbotham. **CALY.** **Evening.** **THE NIGHT.** **GEO. GLOSSMITH and Gaiety Co.** **GARRICK, 8.10.** **MADGE TITTERDALE.** **"THEATRE CUB."** **BASIL GILL.** **Evening.** **2.30.** **Evening.** **2.30.** **Evening.** **2.30.** **Evening.** **2.30.**

**PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.** **TO-NIGHT and Every** **Evening.** **2.30 and 8.15.** **Evening.** **2.30 and 8.15.** **Evening.** **2.30 and 8.15.** **Evening.** **2.30 and 8.15.**

**ROYALTY.** **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.** **Every Day, at 2.30 and 8.15.** **WEDS, THURS, and SATS, at HALF-PAST FIVE.**

## NEWS ITEMS.

## North Louth Election Result.

The by-election in North Louth resulted in Mr. Whitty securing 2,299 votes and Mr. Hamill 1,810.

## East Herts Election Date.

The High Sheriff has fixed March 3 for nominations in the East Herts by-election and March 9 for polling.

## Pensions for Trench-Foot Sufferers.

Mr. Forster states in parliamentary papers that every man who has been discharged on account of trench-foot has been pensioned.

## Gordon's Arabic Letter.

A most interesting gift to Christie's Red Cross sale is an Arabic letter from General Gordon, which was sent out of Khartum in a quill.

## Australia's Contribution—36,950.

The total of Australians killed, wounded and missing, excluding those wounded and returned to service, up to the beginning of January, is 36,950.

## Wants News of Soldier Son.

Mr. J. Friday, 32, Orchard-road, Dorking, seeks news of his son, Private Friday, No. 10957, D Company, 8th Battalion Devonshire Regiment, reported wounded and missing since September 25.

## No Duty on Mouth Organs.

By an order published in the London Gazette the Treasury announces that mouth organs and all complete musical instruments to the value of 1s. each and engineers' hand tools may be imported free of duty.

## CUT OUT "BEAUTIFUL SENTENCES."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 24 (delayed).—In the course of the debate in the Prussian House of Deputies to-day several speakers criticised the working of the censorship.

Herr Baermeister, National Liberal, according to the Cologne Gazette, gave instances of the vagaries of various censors.

"One," he said, "cut out some particularly beautiful sentences from the celebrated speech by the Kaiser to the Prussian Guards."

"Again," a speech by the Kaiser was distributed by the Wolf Bureau, but was forbidden to be published after a certain person had read it—perhaps because of the fact that it contained a reference to forcing the enemy to his knees."—Reuter.

## TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

THE LEAGUE.—Lancashire Section: Blackpool v. Rochdale, Bolton Wanderers v. Stockport County, Everton v. Liverpool, Manchester City v. Preston North End, Oldham Athletic v. Burnley, Southport Central v. Manchester United, St. Helens v. Burnley.

THE LEAGUE.—Midland Section: Bradford City v. Barnsley, Derby County v. Bradford, Grimsby Town v. Hull City, Huddersfield Town v. Notts Forest, Lincoln City v. Sheffield Wednesday, Notts County v. Leeds City, Sheffield United v. Leicester Fosse.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Chelsea v. Crystal Palace, Watford v. West Ham United, Brentford v. Crystal Palace, Charlton Orient v. The Arsenal, Reading v. Queen's Park Rangers, Tottenham Hotspur v. Luton, Millwall v. Bristol Rovers.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Newport County v. Swindon, Bristol City v. Cardiff City, Southampton v. Bristol Rovers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Aberdeen v. Falkirk, Aldrinians v. Hearts, Ayr United v. Glasgow Rangers, Celtic v. Dundee, Third Lanark v. Clyde, Dunfermline v. Hamilton Academical, Hibernians v. Kilmarnock, Greenock Morton v. Queen's Park, Partick Thistle v. Motherwell, St. Mirren v. Raith Rovers.

A twenty rounds match between Corporal Llew Probert and Billy Williams is the chief event at the Ring this evening. Fred Jacks and Peter Cain will contest fifteen rounds at Hoxton Baths.

## ST. JAMES'S.

By Clifford Mills. TO-DAY and DAILY, at 2.30.

Evening Performance, Sat., only, 8.15.

SAVOY. **THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER.** **H. A. VACHELL.**

**THE BASKER.** **A New Comedy.** **SAVOY.** **THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER.** **H. A. VACHELL.**

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## The most vivid and realistic Newspaper Story of the Day

EVERYONE SHOULD READ

## "A LONDON GIRL"

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE'S

thrilling account of a  
girl's life in London, in

## Lloyd's News

TO-MORROW.

The story of "Baby" is unique in modern journalism. It is at once a poignant narrative of a woman's suffering and an indictment of the social system behind which lurk so many tragedies.

Of "A LONDON GIRL" *THE BISHOP OF LONDON* writes:—

"I know from my own experience in rescue and preventive work that the story is literally true. It is the story of the downfall of hundreds of our girls in London to-day. The pitiful tale is not overdrawn; it is all too true."

In "Baby" Mr. Begbie introduces the reader to a typical London Girl—light hearted and irresponsible, full of the joy of life, longing for pleasure. Young and unprotected, little more than a child, with all the simplicity of a child's nature, she is thrown into the feverish life of the greatest city in the world. How she fares is told with a power and a grip of the facts that make it an impressive lesson to all who have sisters, daughters and sweethearts.

The story is not exaggerated, it is not over-drawn, it is not hysterical; it is an actual transcript from real life. To many it will come as a startling revelation, but that it is true, that it holds a great and useful lesson is shown by the notable words of the Bishop of London, quoted above.

YOU MUST READ

## "A LONDON GIRL"

IN

## "LLOYD'S NEWS"

TO-MORROW

## PERSONAL.

OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects; largest second-hand stock in the world; always reasonable—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport. (Uniforms bought.)

Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

## DEATH.

WILLIAMS.—On the 21st inst., at Blythe House, Buckhurst Hill, Charlotte, widow of the late Thomas Leigh Williams, of Streteford, Lancs., aged 84.



Buy To-morrow's Splendid Number of the "Sunday Pictorial"

THE Cult of the Woman:  
By Horatio Bottomley, in  
the "Sunday Pictorial." : :

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

HOW to Get Greece In:  
By Crawford Price, in  
the "Sunday Pictorial" : :

## AN "OFF DUTY CIRCUS": THE OBSTINATE MULE AT SALONIKA.



One of the winners of the reward of five francs offered to any infantryman at Salonika who could sit this obstinate mule for one minute.—  
(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

## MISSING SOLDIER.



Private Charles Whenlock (2nd East Surrey Regiment), who has been missing since May 9, 1915.

## STRIPES FOR WOUNDS.



Stripes are now given to French soldiers for wounds. Those on top are black, and represent length of service, and those below are for wounds. These are red in colour.

## CREW SEIZED.



Captain E. G. L. Crofton, D.S.O., plaintiff in the action in which it was told how armed Moors seized members of a British crew.

## GETS THE D.C.M.



Private T. Dodswell, of Liverpool, who went down a mine to the rescue of an officer who had been gassed. He was also gassed.

## BEFORE RHEIMS' BATTERED CATHEDRAL.



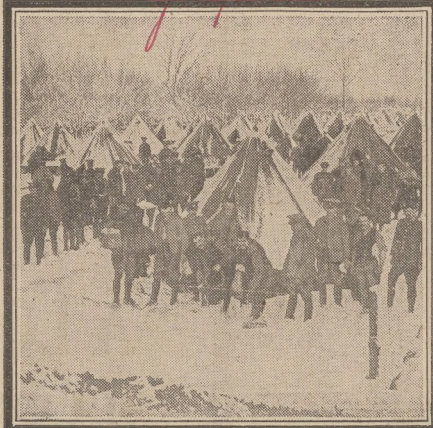
Mme. Martol, of the Comédie Française, recites a poem before the barricaded doorway. Her hearers were deeply moved.—(Wyndham.)

## FARMER'S SUBSTITUTES.



A Hampshire farmer, who expects to be called to the colours before very long, is training his wife and mother-in-law how to conduct the farm in his absence.

## BRITISH SOLDIERS AMID ARCTIC CONDITIONS IN FLANDERS.



A scene in camp and a motor-transport driver trying to "start up" his engine, which is not easy in the circumstances. His companions are laughing at his efforts and offering a little advice.

